Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty Mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will, they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweet Roses in this summer aire,
Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture shownne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie; What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heere,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they weare, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, with draw: the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runne ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit, as Pigeons pease.
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,

At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings,
And we that sell by grosse, the Lo
Haue not the grace to grace it with
This Gallant pins the Wenches o
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempte
He can carue too, and lispe: Why
That kist away his hand in courtesi
This is the Ape of forme, Mounsie
That when he playes at Tables, ch
In honourable tearmes, nay he can
A meane most meanly, and in Vsh
Mend him who can: the Ladies ca
The staires as he treads on them kis
This is the flower that smiles on eu
To shew his teeth as white as Wha
And consciences that will not die i
Pay him the duty of honie-tongue
King. A blister on his sweet ton
That put *Armathoes* Page out of

Enter

Ber. See where it comes. Beha
Till this madman shew'd thee? An
King. All haile sweet Madame
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule,
King. Construe my speeches be
Qu. Then wish me better, I wi
King. We came to visit you and
To leade you to our Court, vouch
Qu. This field shall hold me, an
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur
King. Rebuke me not for that v
The vertue of your eye must breake
Qu. You nickname vertue: vic
For vertues office neuer breakes me
Now by my maiden honour, yet as
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I shou
I would not yeeld to be your house

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3